

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 24—VOL. XVII.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1805

NO. 208

A COTTAGE TALE.

(Continued.)

"Her youngest daughter sat weeping by her, while the eldest prepared a cooling draught, for her father. He awoke in a little while, but his sleep had not been refreshing; terrifying dream had disturbed him, and a cold damp sweat was on his brow. He inquired of his daughter how long he had been sleeping, she told him, and he seemed surprised. I thought it had been much longer, said he, for I have passed through so many scenes, but they were very distressing ones, and I am glad they are now over. Can you give me any thing to drink; my mouth is dry and parched? the fever is increased since I fell asleep, for sleep cannot ease me now; nothing can bring me relief but the long sleep of death, which I wait anxiously for.

"Having taken a spoonful of the draught he appeared a little easier, and his wife told him that I was come to see him. Where is my boy, said he, (for he was always used to call me by some endearing appellation) let me see him, that I may give him in charge something that lies near this aching heart, then the last wish I have shall be accomplished. I approached the bedside, and he raised himself a little, to look at me. I hope all has been well with you, my child, said he; sit down by me, and I will speak to you while I am able, for my breathing becomes very difficult. I expressed my concern at finding him so ill. Do not grieve for me, said he, I am going to my Father's house, where I shall be perfectly happy; he hath prepared a seat among the blessed for me, and I hasten to fill it. But what is to become of those whom I leave behind? This sad thought embitters my last moments; it will be the last thought which shall be severed from this poor bleeding heart. I am happy, however, to have seen you before I die, because, as I have always found you faithful to the matters of the greatest trust, I have no doubt but you will punctually fulfil my last commands. Be kind to my wife and girls; be a comforter and protector to them when I am gone; the fondest wish of my heart has long been to see you united to my eldest girl; as she does not seem averse to it herself, I hope it will take place; I will not see it, yet I shall die satisfied in the belief, that you will be an affectionate husband to her. Can you consent to be his wife, my love, said he, turning to his daughter, without making any sacrifice? I can easily give my consent, father, replied she, because it is your wish, and somewhat my own; but I can think of no such thing at present. Well, my children, I ask no more, may God bless you all, and send you many years of happiness. Comfort your aged mother; she has always been tender and affectionate to me. I leave you now, in the glorious hope of meeting you all in those delightful mansions prepared for the righteous. Farewell.

"Here his voice became weak, and he seemed quite exhausted; he closed his eyes, and we thought he was going to sleep, but he suddenly opened them again, and looking wildly round upon us, he seized the hand of his wife, pressed

eagerly to his bosom, and lifting his eyes upwards, he exclaimed, "I come," and expired. Thus ended the life of a most excellent man. I will not attempt to paint the feelings of his family on this trying occasion, besides I fear I have already wearied you with such pictures, I must cease to finish my story, Sir, which cannot have interested you so much, as it has afforded me melancholy gratification in detailing it to you; in doing so, I have not amused you with a lively or entertaining anecdote, but if I have awakened any sympathy in your bosom for the sufferings of a fellow creature, I have not lost my due." I told him that I was much interested in it, and begged him to proceed; after a short pause he thus continued.

"On the third day after my worthy friend's decease, he was laid in the grave, and he was followed to it by the tears and lamentations of many. His discourse widow took her bed the day that he died, and she never rose again; in less than eight days she got her wish accomplished, which was to be laid by his side.

"This was a fresh affliction to us. I supported myself in a false measure by endeavoring to comfort her daughters. The eldest girl, whom I was so tenderly attached to, had suffered most by affliction; I could not bear to see her, thus gradually wasting before my eyes, without making an effort to save her.

"I forced her to accompany her sister and me to walk sometimes, but if I had succeeded in making her cheerful on the way, upon our return some painful reflection would have arisen, such as, Here she had often walked with those that were now no more. I soon found that all my attempts proved ineffectual; I then proposed to her to take a jaunt along with her sister and me, as I was convinced that a change of air would be very favorable for the recovery of her health and spirits. With much difficulty I got her consent, and after arranging some little matters, I left the management of the shop to a young man I thought I could depend upon; we then set out upon our journey. I was desirous of taking her to London, as I fondly hoped that the bustle of the great metropolis, and the many strange sights which would be presented to her view might divert her attention from more serious considerations. As we journeyed on, I perceived with inexpressible delight, that her health and spirits recruited daily. I now thought it a proper time to renew my proposals of marriage to her, and I hoped to call her mine before we entered the great city. She still seemed inclined to put it off a little, assigning as a reason that her spirits were not sufficiently good yet, but I pressed her to it, and she no longer denied me, so in a few days I was married to the best and most amiable of women. My wife had an aunt who lived in London, a sister of her mother's, who was married to a rich merchant; we had informed her of her sister's death, and we intended to call upon her when we got to town. We took very short stages, and did not fatigue ourselves, so at the end of three weeks we arrived safely in the great city, none of us had ever been there before, and every thing appeared new to us. I fell in with a young man whom I had once known a little, he shewed us

particular attention, called upon us every day, and carried us to see most of the public buildings, and objects of curiosity most worthy of observation. We were all highly gratified, but my wife often declared she could not live in London; it was so unlike the calm tranquillity of her sweet mansion where she spent her early days, that she could never have reconciled herself. She had not yet called upon her aunt, and he resolved to do it immediately, lest it should be forgotten, so we set off for that purpose. We could not promise ourselves a very hearty welcome, because her aunt, being the wife of an opulent merchant, who could afford to have a town and country house, and live in style as it is called, she rather seemed to despise her sister for marrying a bookseller, so the families had never much intercourse. My wife, however, thought we should call upon her, and give her an opportunity of showing us some attention. Having arrived at her house, which was a most elegant one, we knocked at the door; being answered by a servant in livery, we inquired if his mistress was at home? he said he was not sure, but if we would give him our names, he would inquire and bring us an answer immediately; we did so, and he ran up stairs. In a few minutes he returned with this answer, that his mistress was very busy preparing to leave town the next day, and she was very sorry she could not possibly see us; but if we had any thing particular to say we might write her, or wait till she returned to town, when she would be at leisure to receive us. We instantly walked away, desiring the man to tell his mistress that we wanted nothing from her, but had just made her a civil call, and since she was not inclined to see us, we should not repeat it. We were all exceedingly mortified at the ill success of this visit, particularly my wife, who was very much hurt at her aunt's conduct; it recalled many a painful recollection, which had for a little been diverted by the gaiety around her. She thought of her parents, how would they have felt upon such an occasion? what would her mother have said, had she heard that her sister had used us so ill? kindness we scarcely expected from her, but we thought at least to meet with some outward show of civility. My wife threw all the blame upon herself for having advised us to go, as we greatly concerned at it, for I had not seen her so dejected since she came to London. I saw that she began to be impatient for our return home; and I did not object to it, as I found that London had no longer any charms for her, and I knew that my presence would be much wanted in the management of my business. As we travelled down by slow stages, it was some time before we reached our peaceful mansion: when we drew near it, my heart became sorrowful; I looked on the countenance of my dear wife, I beheld that her bosom was agitated by a variety of tender emotions. I strove to be cheerful, but in vain, my courage forsook me. Her sister putting her head out of the carriage window told us our sweet habitation was in view, "Is it," said my wife, (while the tear started in my eye,) "I am glad to be so near it again." A long silence now ensued; which was interrupted by the driver opening the carriage door.

A FRAGMENT.

SENSIBILITY.

NOT that affected stuff which screams at the sight of a spider, or faints at the agony of the dying fly, or yet can spurn a beggar from the door, or treat an aged parent with neglect.—

Aurelia has too much good sense, too much greatness of soul, to play off such frightful distortions of features, and such pitiful debility of mind, through an equal pitiful affliction. No; her's the sensibility of a heart naturally tender and exquisitely benevolent. Her soft melting eye bespeaks a soul that is united to all around her, and ready with a sister's feelings, to mingle their joys and sorrows. If she confers a favor, it is with an air of satisfaction that more than doubles its worth.—And if obliged to deny, it appears to give her soul general distress, that you cannot but love the poor girl, and feel yourself her debtor. When we have seen her at a single word from her mother, fly to her harpsicord and play with as much spirit as some others would exert to please a young lover—or, when we have seen her, beautiful as an angel, kneeling by her gouty father, helping him on with his shoe—or, when we have seen her in high spirits, and the bluest chat, all at once turn serious and silent on hearing the breath of a slanderer; we have felt that if there be any one grace which more than another makes a young woman look like an angel, it is a sensibility like Aurelia's. This sweet sympathy with the pleasures and pains of others; this lively expression of joy at seeing her acquaintance; this amiable benevolence, shining, I had like to have said sparkling in the countenance, is more than beautiful, it is beauty itself. It can make a homely woman handsome, and a handsome woman an angel. "This beauty in hand, and beauty in reversion; it insures that tenderness in the future wife, which kindles the lover's flame into rapture; it insures the dutifulness in the daughter, which causes the parent with weeping joy, to bless his God, for such a child; and it insures that compassion in the mistress and mother, which sweetens every duty of domestic life, and renders our families the nurseries of all those gentle virtues that adorn and bless mankind.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A foolish young fellow once came dancing into a room, where old Colly Cibber sat coughing and spitting;—and cutting a caper, triumphantly exclaimed, "There, you old put, what would you give to be as young as I am?"—"Why, faith, young man," replied he, "I would be almost as foolish."

WIT on all subjects is eagerly sought and read with pleasure. We sometimes discern it even in the acid pages of an advertisement. A Mr. James Cross, whose profession is Cotton dying and scouring, thus quaintly prefaces a short public notice, in a paper printed at Charleston, S. C. "All trades must live, but one must die."

[Pari Folio.]

ANECDOTE.

A worthy pastor of a congregation of Highlanders in the west of Scotland, was lately administering the Hymeneal rites to a young couple; the service was performed in English, but the vernacular idiom being Gaelic, when he came to the words—"You two shall be one flesh," he gravely told the lovers—"You two shall be one peep."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN ELEGY,

On the much lamented death of GEN. HAMILTON.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER LAST.

HE is gone!—our Hero, Patriot, every name
That's due to Virtue, Wisdom and to Fame;
And in him centred! late our country's boast!
And in him too, alas! untimely lost.
Then yet unborn shall that sad loss deplore,
Our country mourn!—Great Hamilton's no more!
That pluck'd the glory of Columbia's clime,
That vict' the honors of the martial lost,
And every joy in solemn sadness lost!
That bent the warrior o'er his table spear,
In silent we, to drop the burning tear.
When sunk in grief the fair survivor press'd
The gloomy couch—her agonized breast
In wild distraction throbbing, bursting, bled!
Still dying, lives—the best of husband's dead!
When weekly raised, the floating banners hung,
And mournful round the sounding martial rung:
In solemn pomp, as if the solid butt,
The roughest sailor, nothing, dropt a tear.
When slow, and solemn, step'd in passive mood
The long procession! even the rabble stood
In deep-lit sorrow!—ave each mournful sound,
An awful silence reign'd supreme around.
When wrapt in grief, each sympathizing fair,
And blooming virgin, wiped the falling tear!
While giddy youth's the tragic scene we'rey'd,
In tricking woe, their mournful tribute pay'd.
Oh! Hamilton, we mourn!—why didst thou go
And meekly stand to feel the fatal blow!
O why thy honor, so supremely dear,
T'end on all affliction so secure!
Thy soul too pure, capacious and sublime,
For things terrestrial, mov'd the pow'r's divine
To send this message by a herald's hand,
"Ascend, Great Hamilton, on high command."
Adieu! adieu! great Hamilton adieu!
Some happier orb thy precious soul pursue.
Though high exalted, let a thought descend,
And sway America, thy favorite land.

J. R. L.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A NEW ODE TO MODESTY.

HAIL! unaffected Modesty,
Sweet, charming, blooming, Fair!
Nor paint, nor art can rival thee,
Or with thy charms compare.

Real genuine Plant of Heav'nly birth;
Form'd by a hand Divine,
To be transplanted into earth,
And Heav'n and earth combine.

All powerful Union, charms supreme;
With every grace combin'd!
Reflecting each inspiring beam
To captivate the mind.

Yes, know thy pow'r—each conquest gain'd,
(And who but feels thy sway,)
Shall still securely be retain'd,
While painted charms decay.

Each sparkling wit with forward mien;
The confident and free;
The toilet's metamorphos'd queen,
Shall all submit to thee.

Thy pow'r is sure to take the heart,
And captivate the soul;
While Indiscretion's forward art
Shall only fools controul.

Honor, and Virtue, bows to thee;
Admires and loves sincere!
While bold Impudence, lives to see
A baneful and appear.

J. R. L.

REMARK.

INTEREST speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of DISINTERESTEDNESS itself.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE SPECULATIONS OF TOM FIDDLE.

NO. III.

Every Woman is at least a rake.—Pope.

IT is a matter of some surprise that no one has ever attempted to defend the sex from this base and malicious aspersion. And if it be true that it is almost as criminal to be worth abused without attempting its defence, as to be the author of the calumny, I very much fear the champions of the present age will not escape the censure. In contradicting the opinion of this great and illustrious Poet, I see no appearance of arrogance or presumption. Pope, like other men, was some times liable to make assertions, which, on more mature consideration he would have found to be wide of the truth, and which seems to be the fate of that we are now considering. In giving our assent to this declaration, we should remember the Poet's unnatural aversion to the sex, and that it was probably in a fit of more than usual rancour when he wreaked out his vengeances indiscriminately on the innocent and undeserving. Had he divested himself of that unfortunate prejudice he had conceived against the sex, and which he often manifests, this line, so unworthy of the poet, would never have appeared among his writings.

It would perhaps be difficult for him or any one else to show wherein this fairer part of the creation has exhibited a corruption or depravity of morals deserving such violent and unauthorised censure. He nor they have ever proved that there exists in the female breast, more than in others, a propensity to vice.—Have we not seen the boasted firmness and austerity of many virtues tampered with, weakened and destroyed.—More than this cannot be said of woman. Inimitable patterns of excellence and virtue have appeared in the characters of both male and female. In both we have seen vice triumphantly, and Pope might, with as much plausibility, have said, that all mankind were villains, as to have made this charge against the females.

Every one who has had any acquaintance with the sex, must have observed a softness and delicacy of manners, an openness and susceptibility of mind which expose them in a peculiar manner to the arts and treachery of seduction.—It is therefore not to be wondered at, if we often see them fall a prey to the snares of the crafty and the cunning. It is not that they are more vicious than the other sex, but if we may be allowed to have derived any knowledge from observation, that these are more vicious than they are. It is not they who seduce us, but we who seduce them.—This circumstance then, so far from establishing the position of the Poet, make directly against it, and is a very conclusive argument in our favor.

But it is said that custom, in this respect, has a greater influence than principle; that it is contrary to our ideas of the female character, that they should make the first advances—their seeming abhorrence of vice and apparent love of virtue is the result of a long established and inveterate fashion, from which can be derived no proof of its reality; no foundation for its existence: this is ridiculous enough. As well might we assert that the piety of a christian was not really piety, but hypocrisy and deception—yet no one will deny but that among christians—some who profess that character are real christians—so no one can deny but that modesty and virtue in some women is really modesty and virtue, and not an appearance of it.

Aurelia is the only daughter of a fond and

deating mother; she had been bred up in those principles of virtue and morality which a parent wishing to promote the happiness of her child would necessarily impress upon her mind. When Aurelia had arrived at that period of life in which it was thought necessary to introduce her into the world, the charms of her person and the improvement of her understanding, were equally the admiration of all who knew her.

Among those who courted and was ambitious of obtaining Aurelia's favors, was Carlos, a gentleman whose mental qualifications and superior address easily procured him her particular notice. As the intimacy of their acquaintance increased, they mutually became more pleasing to each other, and were never at ease except when apart from the forms and ceremony of visiting they found occasion to enjoy each others company and conversation without interruption. By this means he long insinuated himself in her affections, and had succeeded in inspiring her with a tender regard for him. Carlos's designs were base and wicked, and he thought this a favorable opportunity for executing his purpose. The intimate footing on which he was now admitted to Aurelia put her almost daily in his power. The opportunity was presented, but he met with a firm and determined resistance, which with Aurelia's tears for a while staggered him in his purpose. He still however continued to persevere; and so successfully did he urge the ardor of his affection and the impetuosity of his passion, that he soon found measures to restore himself to her unbounded confidence. From thenceforward his destruction was inevitable. He was now more than ever in his power, and in an unguarded moment suffered her ruin to be accomplished.

"I have received the letter of my friend Holustus, it shall appear in my next.

DRESS.

"THE perfection of dress is to be easy and clean. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than for any one to make himself a slave to fine clothes. Such a one, and many such there are, would rather remain as fix as a statue, from morning till night, than discompose a single hair, or alter the position of a pin. Were we to recommend any particular pattern for dress, it would be that which is worn by the people called Quakers. They are always neat, clean, and often elegant, without any thing superfluous. What others lay out upon tawdry lace, ruffles and ribbons, they bestow upon superior cleanliness. Finery is only the affectation of dress, and very often covers a great deal of dirt."

ANECDOTES.

A poor man coming home one night, rather the worse of liquor, was accosted by his carapona, who gave him a full detail of all the transgressions of his past life:—he calmly replied

"We men have many faults, poor women have but two. There's nothing good they say, there's nothing good they do."

Dr. TADLOC, who was a man of an enormous size, happening to go thump thump with his great legs through a street in Oxford, where the pavers were at work in the middle of July, the fellows immediately laid down their rammers. "Ah! God bless you master," cried one of them, "it was very kind of you to come this way, it saves us a great deal of trouble this hot scather."

The Weekly Magazine.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 24, 1865.

Report of Deaths in this City, and at Potter's Field from the 19th to the 17th of August, are 77 persons of whom 9 were men, 7 women, 25 boys, and 36 girls. Diseases—of bilious cholera 1, cold 1, consumption 10, convulsions 7, decay 1, dropsy 1, drowned 1, dysentery 3, bilious fever 1, slow fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantine flux 36, intemperance 1, pleurisy 2, sprue 3, still born 1, teething 4, and one of sudden death, by drinking cold water. 38 were of or under the age of one year, 13 between 1 & 2, 8 between 2 & 5, 2 between 5 & 10, 2 between 10 & 20, 8 between 20 & 30, 3 between 30 & 40, 5 between 50 & 60, and 1 between 70 & 80.

Letters, dated Alicante, May 4, states, that the celebrated TALLIER, the man by whose intrepidity the monster ROBESPIERRE was hurled from his throne, was about to pay the debt of nature in that city. He was not expected to survive many days the effects of a dropsy in the chest.

ALEXANDRIA, August 8.

Fatal Duel.—It is with regret we announce the sacrifice of a victim at the shrine of the sanguinary practice of duelling. Yesterday morning, at 6 o'clock, a duel was fought between Mr. Enoch M. Lyles, of this town, and Mr. John F. Boussé, of Piscataway, Maryland, at Johnson's spring, about six miles from this town, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. They exchanged shots at fifteen feet distance; when unfortunately Mr. L. received his antagonist's ball a little below the right breast, the ball passed through his liver, and he expired a few minutes past eleven o'clock yesterday.

Liverpool, May 22.—The following very extraordinary circumstance which occurred a few days before, at Dingle, in the county of Kerry, Ireland.—On the 11th, a wreck was discovered by some fishing boats in the bay, and towed to shore. She appeared to have been along time lost, and to have been schooner rigged, about 100 tons burthen: On examining her hold, her cargo was found to consist of codfish, cowhides, seal-skins, and oil, sixty butts of which was saved. From the decks every article was carried away, hatches, bulk head, &c. &c. and melancholy to relate, a pair of two hundred skeletons were found in the hold; about 1000 in a tin case in different pieces of gold, and silver, spy glasses, quadrants, silver spoons, books, clothes, bedding, &c. &c. A chest containing three or four dozen of fine shirts, umbrellas, swords, &c. was also found, and it is probable, belonged to some respectable passenger. It is supposed she was bound from some part of Newfoundland, and there is some reason to believe her destination was Dartmouth, as one of the oil butts was marked Tepeze and Co.

IN May last, an action was brought in London, by a Cow-keeper, against a Milk-vender, for the breach of a contract to take milk of him. The suit was withdrawn.—It appeared on the examination which took place, that the Milk-vender got a good living by purchasing the article in which he dealt at two shillings a gallon, and selling it at sixteen pence!!! The court could extort nothing from the witnesses to shew that pounded oyster-shells mixed with water, were used by the dealer, as reported, nor in what way he obtained a profit.

COURT OF HYMEN.

TILL Hymen brought his love delighted hour, There dwelt no joy in Eden's rose bow'r! The world was sad—the garden was a wild— And man, the hermit, sigh'd—still Woman smil'd!

MARRIED.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Messrs. M'Kear, to Miss Abigail Bennett, both of this city.

Lately, in Yorkshire (Eng.) Mr. John Ring, to Miss Mary Porter.—After the ceremony was performed, on enquiry, it was found they were brother and sister in law.—The officiating clergyman in apprehension that he had acted improperly in uniting this pair, attempted to withdraw: this novel ceremony he performed by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the Church Bible there; but the charm proved not sufficiently powerful—the loving couple insisted on the validity of the marriage, and firmly resisted the dangerous innovation of attempting to write the hymeneal knot.

Lately, at Harfordshire (Eng.) Mr. James Young, a strolling player, to Miss Tomlin Beger, a musetto, with a fortune of 30000 pound sterling. Some years since, an Attorney won't the fair damsel, but, unfortunately for him, she had a great aversion to a limb of the law. She afterwards fell in love with a young divine, who in his turn, declared that the accomplishments of Miss B. no never a concordant, could never induce him to form a connection with a black woman. The son of the sock and buskin thought otherwise, and was very happy to obtain possession of her charms—more than equal to two Benefits.

MORTALITY.

PALE Death with equal foot strikes wide the door Of splendid halls and hovels of the poor.

DIED.

On Saturday evening last, after a long and tedious illness, Miss Catharine Clark, aged 84. Her goodness of heart and mildness of disposition had endeared her to all who knew her.

At Halfpast, (N. Cor.) the 3d inst. of a consumption, after six weeks illness, Mr. Abraham Dodge, Editor of the N. Carolina Journal, aged 30. He was a good neighbor, a kind indulgent master, & an instructive companion: in a word, he was the noblest work of God, AN HONEST MAN.

On Thursday evening last, Mrs. Ann Anderson, formerly of Boston, in the 75th year of her age.

On Sunday last, at Gloucester, John Gibaut, Esq. Collector of the port, aged 38.

On Friday the 2d inst. at Mr. Sewall's plantation in Gloucester county, Virginia, on his return from Norfolk, William Wigham, Esq. of a great morbus, occasioned by an immoderate use of ice. He was formerly well known in this city as a gentleman of the most obliging and benevolent disposition, ready at all times to contribute to the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and to sacrifice his own personal interest to promote that of his friends. In Richmond, where he has resided during the last twenty years, the sorrow of his death is universal. He has left behind him one son and three daughters, to lament the loss of one of the best of fathers and of men, at a time when they stand most in need of a protector; and to inherit, we fear, very little besides the recollection of his virtues, and the benefit of his example.

FOR SALE.

A black GIRL, aged 17 years; enquire at Mr. Jackson, Catharine Slip, or to Peter Duran, at the new Bridge, Newtown Creek, Long Island. August 24, 865.—2w.

COURT OF APOLLO.

CONSTANCY IN DEATH.

A Song, sung by a Hindu Woman, on the point of being burned with her Husband—Translated from the Hindoo language, and originally published in Calcutta.

HASTE! haste! with speed the sacred pile
Prepare, which shall my form consume,
And death in Cassia's arms I'll smile,
And joyful meet so bloom a doom.
With him a life of love I've past;
With him a death of love I'll die;
On his cold corpse my body cast,
In his dear arms all pain defy.

When Cassia lie'd, with throbs of joy
I saw love sparkle in his eyes;
Nought could our happiness destroy,
While soft we heaved love's tender sighs;
Embracing smiles, and kindest deeds
Still made us bless each happy day,
But ah! no joy in life succeeds
To me, if Cassia be away.

No more to gaze on his lov'd charms,
To be no more his faithful care;
The object of his fond alarms,
The partner of his frugal fare.
Derefted thought! with joy I muse
The sacred pile by me prepar'd,
I joyful die on love's sacred
And Brama shall my zeal reward.

In the fair form of spotless doves
Should Brama chide we still may live,
Wander o'erjov'd through verdant groves,
And in new beautiful shapes revive.
Then light the pile, dissolve this frame
Of human we, of human care;
Since still our souls shall be the same!
On wings of love we'll mount the air.

She said—and strewing flowers around,
O'erjov'd as on her bridal day,
Hail'd the last fatal music sound,
Which warn'd her Brama to obey.
Then mounting on the funeral pile,
With looks serene she welcom'd death,
Embrac'd her Cassia with a smile,
And in his arms resign'd her breath!

POETRY.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor,
For few can write that were not so before,
And these that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had never been but with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains,
To undergo the drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle set up wit.

ECONOMY.

A few days since, a publican at Horsham, after huffing a servant boy for attempting to light a candle by throwing it into the fire, caught it out of the boy's hand, and at the same time took a piece of paper from his waistcoat, lit the candle with it, and threw the remainder into the grate, where it was instantly consumed. When BONESFACE's wrath was a little abated, he recollected that the piece of paper he had made use of, to save his candle's end, was a ten pound Bank Note.

ANECDOTE.

AN Indian was lately present at a court of Oyer and Terminer, and was singing the ceremony of the prisoner's holding up his hand when arraigned at the bar, said to his companion, "The judges must be great fortune tellers, for if they do but look on a man's hand they can certainly tell whether he shall live or die."

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumes from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's perfumed Chemical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 6s. each.

Smith's Chemical Abrasive Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, was wanted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Improved Chemical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburn, has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Poudre de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Supreme white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had in 1s. as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Gown Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.
"The best warranted Cane Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Supreme white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.
January 5, 1893. 833. ly.

TUTION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Townly's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching. He will teach the English and Latin languages grammatically, together with Book-keeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Arithmetic, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage.

UZAL W. FREEMAN.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher, and I do hereby and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.
July 27, 1893. 864. tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 36 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with colours; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel-hair Shaws cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Calender. All commands will be thank fully received, executed on the shortest notice, and at the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate. N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best staining blue upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.
June 1, 1893. 836. ly.

MR TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. His Artificial Teeth upon gold principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so that in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural eye. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

MR. TURNER will visit on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both here and abroad, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are healed and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in the sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. R. B. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-lane, 895. of.

EDUCATION.

IN consequence of earnest solicitations, the School lately vacated by Mr. Leach, No. 17 Banker-street, is now conducted under the Tutition of the subscribers.

Ambition is good or bad according to the end proposed. It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the most assiduous exertions to forward those entrusted to our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, wisdom and virtue.

S. MOOR.

Mr. Moor entertains too high an opinion of his School No. 37 Roosevelt street, to permit it to suffer the least neglect by this measure; he is rather inclined to believe that from it some reciprocal advantages will be experienced by both branches peculiar to such institutions. The whole school will meet weekly for the purpose of inspiring emulation; and certain classes for particular studies, such as Geography, the use of the Globes, &c. as occasion may require.

N. B. The School in Banker-street, will open at 8 o'clock during the warm weather, where Mr. Moor will attend till 9.
August 17, 1893. 867. tf.

NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

Dorval, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godwin.
Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue,
Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Ogle.
Monimia, or the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney,
Romance of the Forest.
Gonzales, the Spanish Knight.
Beggars Bury, 3 vols. Beggar Girl, 3 vols.
Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World, 1 vol. at has been, Man of Feeling,
Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols.
Maid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly Enforced.
Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clerimont, 2 vols.
Abless a Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 3 vols.
Emilia D. Vermont, Vicar of Lanctown,
Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Cavern,
Ambrose & Elmor,
Louisa, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.